

THE HOME JOURNAL

Volume II.

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The Home Journal.

W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

"Spiced to no Party's arbitrary way,
We follow Truth, where she leads the way."

No lover of poetry can fail to be-
stow upon the following beautiful
lines unbounded praise. They make
true poetry, and no mistake.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

My Boquet of Autumn Leaves.

BY MRS. ADOLPH C. GRAVES.

Spring-time twined garlands bright,
Of her buds and flowers of light;
Autumn weaved some as gay
Of the leaves that faded away.
Spring's sweet blooming promises
Future fruits our paths to bless;
Autumn's gay leaves only say,
"All that's bright must fade away."
Spring-time telleth of the summer,
Merry, joyous, glad new comer,
With her ripened fruits and grain
Decking orchard, grove and plain;
But of Winter, Autumn telleth,
Of the Frost-kings, where he dwelleth,
How he comes to steal away
Flowers, and fruits, and leaflets gay,
Draping all in fairy whiteness,
With a robe of snowy whiteness,
Hill and vale, and lowland meadow,
Sleeping neath the mountain shadow.

On the mantel, still my boquet,
With its Autumn leaflets, so gay,
Reads me lessons, as I look,
Often from my open book.
Ours, too, my eyes uprising
From the written page are going
On the mute, instructive message,
Of the fading leaves, that presage,
Life, for us, though seeming brief,
Tendeth towards its Autumn leaf,
And the inward spirit turneth,
Page by page, the past, and mourneth
That there comes, for me, no more,
Spring and Summer, as before;
Only when the waning hours,
Sweep the dry leaves from the bowers,
Of Spring, Summer, Autumn left,
Life will have its Winter rest.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

The Faithfulness of Man.

BY O. D. MARTIN.

I've wooed and sighed at Beauty's shrine,
And threw my heart away,
And thought the charm I won divine,
And wore it for a day,
But like a full blown rose it drooped,
And lost its sweet perfume,
Till from its lofty height it stooped,
To wither in its tomb.

Still thoughtless—I seemed to fade,
Ere I had known it well,
And like each beautiful flower made,
It withered and it fell.
This flower had lost its charms to me,
I sought another flower,
I wooed and won it but to see
It wither in an hour.

Is woman fickle? No! 'tis she
Will love a life-long love,
Man never fades to her—'tis we
Who false and faithless prove.
Then wrong her not, but let us strive,
To merit her esteem,
And make life happy—he alive
To good—be what we seem.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

The Sorrowful Heart.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

How sad indeed must be that heart
Which has no joys below,
Which ever quails from out the spring
From whence afflictions flow;
Which thirsts with a living thirst,
That will not be allayed,
For those sweet waters flowing in
Affection's sunny glade.

The human heart is prone to love,
And it will always pine
To feel affection's tendrils cling
And closely round it twine;
For 'tis its wish to always crave
For kindness and for rest,
Even as a stricken bird
Will pine for its warm nest.

BALTIMORE, MD.

AN ASK TO GRIND.—Origin of the
Term.—"When I was a little boy," says
Dr. Franklin, "I remember one cold
winter morning I was accosted by a smil-
ing man with an axe on his shoulder."
"My pretty boy," said he, "has your
father a grindstone?" "Yes sir," said I.
"You are a fine little fellow," said he,
"will you let me grind the oil on it?"
Pleased with the compliment of the "fine
little fellow," "O yes," I answered, "it
is down in the shop." "And will you,
my little fellow," said he patting me on
the head, "get me a little hot water?"
"Could I refuse? I ran and soon brought
a kettle full. How old are you and
what's your name?" continued he, without
waiting for a reply: "You are one of the
best little fellows that I ever saw; will
you just turn a few minutes for me?"
Ticked at the flattery, like a fool, I went
to work, and bitterly did I rue the day—
it was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged
till I was almost tired to death. The
school bell rang and I could not get
away; my hands were blistered, the axe
was sharpened, and the man turned to
me with, "Now you little rascal you've
played truant; scud for school or you'll
rue it." Alas! thought I, it is hard enough
to turn the grindstone this cold day, but
to be called a little rascal was too much.
I sunk deep in my mind, and often have
I thought of it since. When I see a mer-
chant over polite to his customers, beg-
ging them to take a little brandy, and
throwing his goods on the counter, thinks
I, that man has an axe to grind. When
I see a man flattering the people making
great professions of attachment to liberty
who is in private life a tyrant, methinks,
lookout good people, that fellow would
cut you to turning a grindstone. When
I see a man boasted into office by the
party spirit, without a single qualifica-
tion to render him respectable or use-
ful, alas! deluded people you are doomed for
a season to turn the grindstone for a body.

MADELEINE.

A HEART HISTORY.

CONTINUED.

NOTE.—A reward of \$500 was offered some time since
for the Home Journal for the best Original Story written
for its columns. Several were written, and after a judi-
cial and most deserving. Its style is simple yet beau-
tiful, and that all will be highly interested we have not a
single doubt.—Editor.

About this time a letter came.—
Madeleine had few, very few cor-
respondents, and as she took it and ob-
served the superscription was not in the
hand-writing of any of those from whom
she was accustomed to receive com-
munications, a strange, unaccountable,
undefinable sensation crossed her
mind. As she hastily tore it open and
looked first at the address, and then
at the signature, no wonder it drop-
ped from a nervous hand, as her eye
glanced upon the old, familiar name,
Henry Moreland.

Yet who can say there was not
pleasure in the reflection that he still
remembered her!

"My dear Madeleine," so it com-
menced.

"Do not, I entreat you, be offended
that I address you by the same appella-
tion I have ever done in years de-
parted—for I have never known you
as Mrs. Raymond—and do not con-
sider me presumptuous that I address
you at all, after an estrangement of so
many years.

I trust you will not feel that there is
any impropriety in my doing it; for the
same interest I took in your welfare
in days and years departed, remains
for you and yours, though so long has
been our separation.

I trust not to open the wounds of
your sorrow afresh when I say, I have
heard of your affliction. Permit me
to condole with you; to sympathize
with you? I too have suffered.

I shall pass near you in a few weeks.
Allow me to call and offer you my
sympathies in person—even more, if
you will kindly permit it, to renew
the acquaintance, the delightful asso-
ciation of our earlier, may I not say,
for myself, at least,—happier days.

Let me hear at once, if you will
grant my request, my earnest petition
to come and see you, once more.

Yours ever sincerely
and affectionately,
HENRY MORELAND.

Gladly did she say to him to come and
visit her, and pleasant, very pleasant,
were her anticipations of meeting
with him, whose association with her
in those days so long ago, was so
delightful. She could converse with
him of the old home, the pleasant lit-
tle village in which it had been lo-
cated, of her old companions and her
dearly remembered mother; and last,
all that had been so unaccountable in
his letters of the past would perhaps
be explained and he would converse
with her freely and frankly as when
they learned their lessons from the
same familiar page.

Madeleine's letter said as much,
and she rejoiced in spirit that they
should meet once more, and this joy
imparted new elasticity to her step
and a brightened color to her cheek.
For many months she had been com-
punctionless, save her children and ser-
vants, and the heart of the widowed
mother was almost starved from pri-
vation of its aliment, human sym-
pathy, not that sort of sympathy which
makes itself known in formal calls of
condolence and set phrases intended
to be very consolatory, and, at the
same time, so set off to the best ad-
vantage, the amiability and kindness
of him, or her who utters them. Of
these, Madeleine had had far more
than enough; but I mean that unaf-
fecting sympathy which springs from
real kindness of heart joined to a liv-
ing appreciation of what is necessary
to in part comfort to its object.

He came, at last, after weeks of
anxious waiting had dragged their
weary hours away; he came, he who
seemed the nearest on earth to her
since the gaping sepulchre had hid-
den in its depths him who had ever
been to her all that she needed in so
close a friend. He came, and the
commencement of their interview has
been detailed in the beginning of the
narrative. She did not, could not
recognize him. The features with
which her memory had been familiar
were not there. The light, glossy
curls were almost black, the eyes of
deepest azure were a dark hazel, or
rather grey, and the chin and face, on
which had been the first down of man-
hood, were covered with a thick and
lengthy growth, yet darker than his
hair. He was taller and stouter, al-
together a different personage from
the image she had so long ago placed

among the hoarded treasures of faith-
ful recollection.

The letter which had been written
in answer to his, had been more free-
ly and affectionately worded than any
she had ever before addressed to him,
unconsciously so, in very truth, but her
pen had transcribed from the pages of
her true and womanly heart; for she
was so grateful that he who had
known her so long and well, still re-
membered her with so much kindness
and friendship.

The affections are woman's world.
It is love, and love only for which she
pines, from the cradle to the grave.—
For it she will sacrifice every selfish
feeling, everything which tends to her
own gratification, and do it willingly,
cheerfully, gladly, if her self-sacrifice
and self-denial are only appreciated,
and she is loved in return. It is only
when the depths of her woman's na-
ture have not yet been aroused and
called into action by this one great
master-passion of her destiny, or have
been aroused but to be flung back to
her with coldness and indifference,
that she becomes the thoughtless frivo-
lous creature, she has been too often
truthfully represented.

Love ennobles, intellectualizes, puri-
fies and refines the whole being; and
when called into action by one who is
worthy of the deepest, purest, truest
feelings of which it is capable, she
becomes what she was designed to be
by her Creator, an angel of light and
loveliness to him who is so fortunate
as to secure the priceless gem of her
affections.

Let us return to the commencement
of our history. We left our heroine
in doubt what answer she should make
to the passionate, reproachful lan-
guage of her newly-arrived friend.
"Oh Madeleine, you do not care to see
me, your man or shows it, your tone
of voice speaks it, you feel no especial
interest in my coming, more than
you would at the approach of the hun-
dred and one others, who, years ago,
sought your favor and aspired to your
friendship."

Such was the over-excited language
of severe, unexpected disappointment.
He fixed his eyes upon her, with an
eager look as of one in great pain,
who gazes beseechingly at him who
can relieve suffering if he will.

Madeleine's nature had always been
frank and truthful. She was a stran-
ger to dissimulation, and when she
spoke at all, spoke what she felt. "I
was altogether unprepared for such
demonstrations of feeling. I do not
understand it, I expected to meet you
most gladly, most cordially as a dear
and welcome friend, but not as a lover.
Nothing that I have heard of late,
or ever before, could have led me to
expect such an interview as this.—
Your letter, which I was so rejoiced to
receive, so pleasant to answer, could
not have raised in my mind the slight-
est anticipation of such a meeting as
this."

"My letter, Madeleine! Is that one
letter all you have heard of me of late?
Have you had no communication from
me since that? Did you not receive
from me the sad, sorrowful history of
my life for many years?"

Madeleine shook her head. He re-
sumed.

"I wrote to inform you of all that
had reference to me since you and I
last met. In it, I stated to you the deep,
deathless affection I had ever cher-
ished for you almost since the first day
of our acquaintance. I said to you,
that I trusted that the love for you
which had lived on, and on, in my bo-
som, even while I was vainly endeavor-
ing to smother and stifle it as a feel-
ing unworthy of you, of me, in the
relations in which we had been placed
towards each other by an unfortunate
train of circumstances, might find an
answering chord in your own heart.
I said if this relation of my life and
the disclosure of my constant affec-
tion should elicit responsive feelings
towards him, who was your ardent
lover in his youth, and faithful wor-
shipper in manhood, there would be no
need for a reply. Silence should be
the omen of favor. If, on the con-
trary, you should have no desire to re-
new our youthful association, to ap-
prize me of the fact immediately. I
received no reply, so now you can un-
derstand my strange inexplicable con-
duct."

"And I," said Madeleine, "have never
received the communication of which
you speak; I am entirely igno-
rant of all it contained."

"It seems," replied her companion,
"as if the fates delighted to play at
cross purposes with me in all my in-
tercourse with you."

Many times while we were yet
school-mates, the confession of my love
for you was trembling on my tongue,
but two considerations withheld me
from the avowal. The timidity of

youth, and the feeling that I ought to
wait to know myself, if it were in-
deed that pure, undying love I felt for
you, which could bear all, suffer all
for its object, or if it were a mere
passing, boyish fancy. We were both
so young, that it seemed, perhaps, not
wise to exchange vows of affection
which might prove, some day, shack-
les of iron rather than silken cords.—
Still this last consideration had but lit-
tle weight. But the chief reason why
I never told you in so many words my
entire devotion to you, was that it al-
ways seemed to me that you read my
heart as an open book. It seemed to
me that my thoughts, almost before
they were formed in my own mind,
were fully known to you, and that
nothing I could say could make you
understand me or my wishes and plans
better than you did and ever had from
the first of our association. My very
soul, in my own estimation, lay bare
before your gaze. Do you not recollect
that sometimes when I commenced
to express my feelings, or senti-
ments, I would hesitate for the exact
word and turn to you, with, "Say it
for me, Madeleine! You know what
I mean," and you would finish for me."

She bowed her head and he con-
tinued.

"Often times when writing to you,
my confession, my avowal, was on the
tip of my pen, but something with-
held it, this same idea, that you un-
derstood all I would say, all I felt, all
my expectations and all my hopes.—
Besides I had, a shrinking, morbid sen-
sitivity about putting such sacred
feelings upon paper, for other eyes to
glance on save those for which they
were intended—not that I feared you
would show my epistles, I should have
been willing you should have done
with them as you chose, for I always
felt you would do right, but the uncer-
tainty of mails, and the dread that
some one might, in some way, get
possession of them to whom, that
which was so pure and holy to me and
to you, might become a theme for
coarse, or ill-timed jesting. I ac-
knowledge this to have been a child-
ish, an unmanly sentiment, but it ap-
peared then to be a part of my na-
ture—and I could not overcome it, or
rather did not try until I found what
it had cost me. Madeleine—I cannot
call you by any other name—I have
never been happy, never contented,
a moment since you were lost to me.
Ever restless, ever uneasy, my mind
has been like the troubled sea, cease-
lessly moving, never quiet.

But I will not enlarge on my own
sufferings now. It is due to you to
know what has passed since we part-
ed, and as that letter has never ar-
rived, what was to have told you all,
you will have to hear it from my own
lips."

"Better so, a thousand times," an-
swered his companion, "I can now ask
you what I do not fully understand,
and you can explain satisfactorily,
something which could not be done if
it had been communicated by the pen.
I thank you must confess fate has
not been so very much against you after
all."

It was yet early morning. The
bland summer zephyrs blew through
the blossoming shrubs of the grassy
yard, flattered the leaves of the vines
which clambered over the white pi-
azza, and stealing in through the half-
closed blinds of the cool and pleasant
room, laid their gathered fragrance
lovingly against the faces of the long-
parted friends, as composing herself
quietly to listen to what she so much
wished to hear, Madeleine said, "Tell
me all, will you? I am alone in the
world except my two children. I have
ever believed you a friend, and friend-
ship is never so precious as when
there are few to feel and profess it for
us. Yours for me, I never doubted,
was sincere, and your seeking me in
this manner after so many years proves
it was not but a name. I trust you
have not suffered too deeply, too se-
verely, but tell me," and she bent
her head eagerly to listen.

PART SECOND.

"You will first accord me your par-
don for the strange excitement of my
manner, and the unwarrantable free-
dom with which I addressed you, now
you know all the circumstances con-
nected with my present coming. You
can understand the keenness of my
disappointment when you held your-
self at such a distance from me and
seemed so indifferent. You can for-
give, can you not, that I was, for a
time, almost beside myself," and his
companion bowed her head, and smil-
ed upon him the forgiveness and the
pardon for which he asked.

He proceeded—"When I left you it
was my intention, after a brief visit
to my home and friends, to enter col-

lege, as you are well aware. During
my course of study there I intended
to decide the question whether I
should become a missionary, or devote
myself to some calling in my own
country. If I did not become the for-
mer, I had thought of no plan in re-
maining here. I felt within myself
that I was not fitted to become an ex-
pounder of gospel faith to the people
of my own land, but that I might be
useful to the benighted pagan, and to-
wards them my heart turned in sym-
pathy and pity, and desired to do them
good. But that was not for me.—
God did not need me for that work,
for I had thought he would open to me
the path in which I should walk, or
rather direct the circumstances of my
life, so I should understand what was
my duty. When I reached home I
found my father in trouble about his
property in the West. Some years
ago he had speculated largely in Wes-
tern land, and there was some consid-
erable dispute about the titles to the
different tracts. Part of it had been
government land, and in regard to
that there was no difficulty, but by far
the greater portion of it had been pur-
chased from those who had settled
and made improvements, claims had
been set up, by different persons, to a
great deal of it, and a thorough in-
vestigation was necessary, and, prob-
ably, no small amount of litigation
would be the result. My father's
health was much too feeble for him to
leave home and endure the bodily fa-
tigue and mental harassing conse-
quent upon so lengthy and vexatious
an undertaking. His other, and older
son, who lived in your village, was
married and had business of his own
which he could not well leave; conse-
quently I was the one, who could well
and properly attend to it. Young
as I was, my father had great confi-
dence in my business powers, for I had
always a way of seeing my course
clearly through before I took a step in
any undertaking. It became with me,
at once, a question of duty as to
whether I should go, or not. On the
one hand, my conviction of the filial
obedience due from a cherished son
to the best of fathers, a knowledge
that wealth would very readily and
easily be accumulated if I was suc-
cessful in accomplishing the business,
as I had reason to expect I should be,
and the good I might do anywhere, if
my heart were right; and on the other
hand, the feeling that I ought to de-
vote my life and its energies in an-
other, holier, higher and more noble
purpose than worldly wealth and world-
ly distinction, and the sacrifice of one
of the cherished desires of childhood
and youth, a thorough collegiate edu-
cation before I should engage in any
business, profession, or avocation of
any kind, were the circumstances I
must take into consideration, weigh-
ing them wisely and well before com-
ing to an ultimate decision. When I
thought of my own cherished plans, I
found it exceedingly difficult to re-
linquish them; but when I looked to
my father, feeble in health, and ad-
vancing in years, trusting to his son
to assist him in securing for him the
savings of a lifetime, (for all his prop-
erty except the place on which he lived
was invested in those lands,) I could
not feel that Providence would bless
any efforts I should make, however
noble, or disinterested they might be,
if I should refuse to assist him who
had the best earthly claim upon my
services, when he had such pressing
need for them. Yet it was not with-
out quite a struggle that I made up my
mind to go. The morning before I
started, my father said to me, "Henry
this will be a perplexing and vexa-
tious business. It will probably not
all be satisfactorily arranged under
two, or three years. I do not wish
your agency in this matter for nothing.
You ought to be rewarded, not only
for the actual labor you will perform,
but for the sacrifices you are making
on my account, and you shall be.—
Half of all the land to which you can
secure an undisputed title shall be
yours. I am aware of the plans you
have cherished in your own mind for
your future life, and I am grateful that
you so readily abandon them at my
desire and for my interest. There is
no one to whom I could so willingly
entrust this affair as yourself." A few
days and I was on my way. It was
necessary I should be on the ground
as soon as possible, so I denied myself
the pleasure of stopping to see you on
my way to the scene of my labors.—
On my arrival I found matters worse
than I had anticipated. Much of the
land, which had been bought of the
settlers, it was found they had sold
without having, themselves, any leg-
al claim to it, so it was in part yet
government land, and in part owned
by men who lived at a distance, and
who were unaware of the condition

of their property there, so it must be
relinquished entirely, or purchased
anew, and yet it had been bought in
good faith, a fair valuation, at the time
having been paid for it. To some of
it, too false claims were set up, which
claims had to be looked into and some-
times a court of justice could only de-
cide who was the legal claimant.—
That, which was in reality govern-
ment land, but which had been pur-
chased of the squatters, by paying
them the highest price for their bet-
terments, as the improvements they
had made were called, gave me no
inconsiderable trouble, for when it was
ascertained to belong still to the gov-
ernment, oftentimes, as many as two
or three persons would stand ready
to enter it for themselves. Then a-
gain, on land to which the title was
really valid and indisputable, settlers
in several instances, were found to
have come in, built a log cabin, clear-
ed a few acres, and supposing they
had a squatter's right there, made
themselves quite at home. And it was
generally very hard to make them un-
derstand that any one could have a
prior, and better claim to it than they
had when they located there be-
fore a stick was cut, or a stroke made
for subdividing the wilderness.

But by dint of calm reasoning and
explanation, and paying for the labor
they had done, I usually, succeeded in
amicably adjusting matters without
making many enemies, or paying
much more than I ought for the little
they had done for the improvement of
the portion on which they had located
themselves.

But, to unravel the whole skein of
this most perplexing business took a
much longer time than I at first sup-
posed it would. Every Spring, I
thought I should have finished it by
the Autumn, and when the Autumn
came and found me still at work, I
was sure another Spring would have
set matters all to rights, so I might
be, once more, a free man again.

I was ever planning to return to you
to speak to you, the deep, pent-up feel-
ings of my soul, for it seemed to me I
could not write them, and yet, though I
was always hoping, the time did not
appear to draw any nearer. And yet,
I intended you should understand all
my designs and intentions towards
yourself from the kind of letters I
wrote. I fancied you did, for it al-
ways seemed to me that you could
read my heart and know all its hopes,
desires and fears, with the motives
that controlled my actions, even bet-
ter than I did myself. I was certain
that you could not misapprehend me,
and I was equally certain that your
heart was mine, and that I had but to
come, to claim my love and bear you
to my home. I was sure you loved me
and my hopes were always bright.

At last I was through my perplex-
ing toil, both of mind and body. My
business, except a little of minor im-
portance, was all closed up. The very
first year of my sojourn, in that coun-
try, I selected the pleasantest locality
of all the region, as a most desirable
spot for a home, when I should be re-
ady to occupy it. Little, by little, I
beautified and adorned the place, call-
ing both nature and art to my aid to
embellish the scene.

The last year, my house had been
built, a neat, tasteful cottage, in a
grove of forest trees, of nature's own
planting, which had been intention-
ally left there for that very purpose,
near the waters, of one of those small
sand-margined lakes with which the
region abounds. I had selected this
spot as one which would especially
please your fastidious taste, and every
natural and acquired charm, which
belonged to it, gave me additional
pleasure, as I looked at it, from the
thought it was beautifying the home
I one day hoped and trusted would be
shared by you.

By topping and trimming the lower
branches of the sheltering trees, the
views were opened in different direc-
tions to the shelvy shore of the lake,
for the spot selected for my cottage
was on a portion of land which had
the water on three sides of it, and of
course running out into the embracing
waters. To the east the ground rose
gently ascending almost to a hill,
while in front or to the West, it sloped
down to the very margin of the beau-
teous lake. Towards the North I had
left a strip of dense, primeval forest,
as a shelter against the storms which
usually come from that quarter, while
beyond were to be my pasture grounds
and cultivated fields.

In our present perverse state of so-
ciety, it is difficult for man or woman
(particularly the latter) to always
speak the truth, or, perchance, a crack
on the head, by way of an admonisher!
"The greater the truth, the greater the
libel!" snail Lord Mansfield, and his
lordship was a man of God, and es-
chewed evil.